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April the 11th, 1687.

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THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. A POEM,

In Three Parts.

———*Antiquam exquirite matrem.*
Et vera, incessu, patuit Dea.——— } Virg.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery* Lane near *Fleetstreet*, 1687.

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TO THE
READER.

THE Nation is in too high a Ferment, for me to expect either fair War, or even ſo much as fair Quarter from a Reader of the oppoſite Party. All Men are engag'd either on this ſide or that: and tho' Conſcience is the common Word, *which is given by both, yet if a Writer fall among Enemies, and cannot give the Marks of* Their *Conſcience, he is knock'd down before the Reaſons of his own are heard. A* Preface, *therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of Favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the* Reader *ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the Body of the Poem; if he have but the patience to peruſe it. Only this Advertiſement let him take before hand, which relates to the Merits of the Cauſe. No general Characters of Parties, (call 'em either Sects or Churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to Comprehend all the ſeveral Members of 'em; at leaſt all ſuch as are receiv'd under that Denomination. For example; there are ſome of the Church by Law Eſtabliſh'd, who envy not Liberty of Conſcience to Diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own Principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the Numbers of the reſt with whom they are Embodied in one common Name: On the other ſide there are many of our Sects, and more indeed then I could reaſonably have hop'd, who have withdrawn themſelves from the Communion of the* Panther; *and embrac'd this Gracious Indulgence of His Majeſty in point of Toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this Satyr any way intended: 'tis aim'd only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe who are come over to the Royal Party are conſequently ſuppos'd to be out of Gunſhot. Our Phyſicians have obſerv'd, that in Proceſs of Time, ſome Diſeaſes have abated*

of

of their Virulence, and have in a manner worn out their Maliguity, ſo as to be no longer Mortal: and why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe who have formerly been Enemies to Kingly Government, As well as Catholick Religion? I hope they have now another Notion of both, as having found, by Comfortable Experience, that the Doctrine of Perſecution is far from being an Article of our Faith.

'Tis not for any Private Man to Cenſure the Proceedings of a Foreign Prince: but, without ſuſpicion of Flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary Meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the Spirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the Diſſenters in their Addreſſes to His Majeſty have ſaid That he has reſtor'd God to his Empire over Conſcience: *I Confeſs I dare not ſtretch the Figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that Conſcience is the Royalty and Prerogative of every Private man. He is abſolute in his own Breaſt, and accountable to no Earthly Power, for that which paſſes only betwixt God and Him. Thoſe who are driven into the Fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made Hypocrites then Converts.*

This Indulgence being granted to all the Sects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuſe the Benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteem'd their Perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publickly to own that they ſuffer'd not before for Conſcience ſake; but only out of Pride and Obſtinacy to ſeparate from a Church for thoſe Impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obey'd? After they have ſo long contended for their Claſſical Ordination, (not to ſpeak of Rites and Ceremonies) will they at length ſubmit to an Epiſcopal? if they can go ſo far out of Complaiſance to their old Enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſwade 'em to take another ſtep, and ſee whether that would lead 'em.

Of the receiving this Toleration thankfully, I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hands they receiv'd it. 'Tis not from a Cyrus, *a Heathen Prince, and a Foreigner, but from a Chriſtian King, their Native Sovereign: who expects a Return in* Specie *from them; that the Kindneſs which He has Graciouſly ſhown them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſwaſion.*

As

As for the Poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfie the Reader: *That it was neither impos'd on me, nor ſo much as the Subject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt Winter and the beginning of this Spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a Fortnight before I had finiſh'd it, His Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience came abroad: which, if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpar'd my ſelf the labour of writing many things which are contain'd in the third part of it. But I was alwayes in ſome hope, that the Church of* England *might have been perſwaded to have taken off the* Penal Lawes *and the* Teſt, *which was one Deſign of the Poem when I propos'd to my ſelf the writing of it.*

'Tis evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, & not firſt intended. I mean that defence of my ſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacqu'd in Print: and I refer my ſelf to the judgment of thoſe who have read the Anſwer to the Defence of the late Kings Papers, *and that of the* Dutcheſs, (*in which laſt I was concerned*) *how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now inform'd both of the Author and Superviſers of his Pamphlet: and will reply when I think he can affront me: for I am of* Socrates's *Opinion that all Creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider, whether he deſerv'd not a more ſevere reprehenſion then I gave him formerly; for uſing ſo little reſpect to the Memory of thoſe whom he pretended to anſwer: and, at his leiſure look out for ſome Original Treatiſe of Humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh, (I believe I may ſay in any other Tongue:) for the magnified Piece of* Duncomb *on that Subject, which either he muſt mean or none, and with which another of his Fellows has upbraided me, was Tranſlated from the Spaniſh of* Rodriguez: *tho' with the Omiſſion of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, and the laſt Chapter, which will be found in comparing of the Books.*

He would have inſinuated to the World that Her late Highneſs died not a Roman Catholick: He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary; in which he has giv'n up the Cauſe: for matter of Fact was the Principal Debate betwixt us. In the mean time he would diſpute the Motives of her Change: how prepoſtrouſly let all men judge, when he ſeem'd to deny the Subject of the Controverſy, the Change it ſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous Challenge, he tells the World I cannot argue: but he may as well infer that a Catholick can

no-

not fast, because he will not take up the Cudgels against Mrs. James, *to confute the Protestant Religion.*

I have but one word more to say concerning the Poem as such, and abstracting from the Matters either Religious or Civil which are handled in it. The first part, *consisting most in general Characters and Narration, I have endeavour'd to raise, and give it the Majestick Turn of Heroick Poesie. The* second, *being Matter of Dispute, and chiefly concerning Church Authority, I was oblig'd to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I cou'd: yet not wholly neglecting the Numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the Magnificence of Verse. The* third, *which has more of the Nature of Domestick Conversation, is, or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.*

There are in it two Episodes, *or* Fables, *which are interwoven with the main Design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct Stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the* Common Places *of* Satyr, *whether true or false, which are urg'd by the Members of the one Church against the other. At which I hope no* Reader *of either Party will be scandaliz'd; because they are not of my Invention: but as old, to my knowledge, as the Times of* Boccace *and* Chaucer *on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.*

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk white *Hind*, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds

Aim'd at Her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to dy.

Not ſo her young, for their unequal line
Was Heroe's make, half humane, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal ſtate.
Of theſe a ſlaughtered army lay in bloud,
Extended o'er the *Caledonian* wood,
Their native walk; whoſe vocal bloud aroſe,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes;
Their fate was fruitfull, and the ſanguin ſeed
Endu'd with ſouls, encreas'd the ſacred breed.
So Captive *Iſrael* multiply'd in chains
A numerous Exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladneſs mixt, their mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs plant the dying fruit ſurpaſs'd.

Panting

Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once Her own.
The common Hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſov'reign pow'r, her company diſdain'd:
Grin'd as They paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight.
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mein
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.

The bloudy *Bear* an *Independent* beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſs'd.
Among the timorous kind the *Quaking Hare*
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the *Buffoon Ape*, as Atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all Sects, and had his own to chuſe:
Still when the Lyon look'd, his knees he bent,
And pay'd at Church a Courtier's Compliment.

The briſtl'd *Baptiſt Boar*, impure as He,
(But whitn'd with the foam of ſanctity)
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place,
And mountains levell'd in his furious race,
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.
But ſince the mighty ravage which he made
In *German* Foreſts, had his guilt betrayd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name,
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in Sects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe *Reynard* fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by *Athanaſius* firſt
Was chas'd from *Nice*; then by *Socinus* nurs'd
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And natures King through natures opticks view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an Infant could a God deſcry:
New ſwarming Sects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.

What

What weight of antient witneſs can prevail
If private reaſon hold the publick ſcale?
But, gratious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring Guide?
Thy throne is darkneſs in th' abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight;
O teach me to believe Thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thy ſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my Directour take
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandring fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and when their glimps was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am,
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my task: my doubts are done,
(What more could fright my faith, than Three in One?)

Can

Can I believe eternal God could lye
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great maker of the world could dye?
And after that, truſt my imperfect ſenſe
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compell,
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte rebell?
Superiour faculties are ſet aſide,
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the Hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſible, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and barrs impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.

For

For ſince thus wondrouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain
One ſingle place two bodies did contain,
And ſure the ſame omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at Her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?

'Tis urg'd again that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief, muſt propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find,
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all thoſe wonders wrought by pow'r divine
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?

Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the god-head of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted: man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive.
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the Proponent, heav'ns authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of humane wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſefull ſcaffolding away:
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand,
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like *Bilanders* to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel which our Saviour bore
Himſelf the Pilot, let us leave the ſhoar,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He his god-head veil with fleſh and bloud
And not veil theſe again to be our food?

His

His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantick pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what He made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling biggotry.
Both knave and fool the Merchant we may call
To pay great ſummes, and to compound the ſmall.
For who wou'd break with heav'n, and wou'd not break (for all?)
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed;
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs;
The Bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heav'n and heav'n-born faith are far from Thee
Thou firſt Apoſtate to Divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy *Polonian* Plains;
A fiercer foe th' infatiate *Wolfe* remains.

Too boaſtfull *Britain* pleaſe thy ſelf no more,
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhoar:
The *Bear*, the *Boar*, and every ſalvage name,
Wild in effect, though ih appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsfull bow'r,
And muzl'd though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt the *wolfiſh* race,
Appear with belly Gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of Grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his leggs he wears
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame, but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his hagger'd eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd awhile
As Captain or Companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hatefull head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in *Cambria* ſeen:

The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from *Geneva* firſt infeſted *France.*
Some authours thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race:
Becauſe of *Wickliff*'s brood no mark he brings
But his innate antipathy to kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' *Helvetian* kind
Who near the *Leman lake* his Conſort lin'd.
That fi'ry *Zuynglius* firſt th' affection bred,
And meagre *Calvin* bleſt the nuptial bed.
In *Iſrael* ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince
When the proud *Sanhedrim* oppreſs'd the Prince. *Vid. Prof. to Heyl. Hiſt. of Presb.*
Or, ſince he will be *Jew*, derive him high'r
When *Corah* with his brethren did conſpire,
From *Moyſes* hand the ſov'reign ſway to wreſt,
And *Aaron* of his Ephod to deveſt:
Till opening earth made way for all to paſs,
And cou'd not bear the burd'n of a *claſs.*
The *Fox* and he came ſhuffl'd in the dark,
If ever they were ſtow'd in *Noah*'s ark:

Perhaps not made, for all their barking train
The Dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild currs, who from their maſters ran
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.

O happy pair, how well have you increas'd,
What ills in Church and State have your redreſs'd!
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws:
Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampl'd down
Your Fangs you faſtn'd on the miter'd crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall,
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quickn'd with fire below your monſters breed,
In Fenny *Holland* and in fruitfull *Tweed.*

And

And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dreggs of a Democracy.
As where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſow'r herbage riſes on the green,
So, ſpringing where theſe mid-night Elves advance,
Rebellion prints the foot-ſteps of the Dance.
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heav'n above, and to their Prince below,
As none but Traytours and Blaſphemers know.
God, like the Tyrant of the skyes is plac'd,
And kings like ſlaves beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulſome is their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and onely dogs for phyſick uſe.
As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blaſting wound
Nor bladed graſs, nor bearded corn ſucceeds,
But ſcales of ſcurf, and putrefaction breeds:
Such warrs, ſuch waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs earth.

But as the Poiſons of the deadlieſt kind,
Are to their own unhappy coaſts confin'd,
As onely *Indian* ſhades of ſight deprive,
And magick plants will but in *Colchos* thrive;
So Preby'try and peſtilential zeal
Can onely flouriſh in a common-weal.

From *Celtique* woods is chas'd the *wolfiſh* crew;
But ah! ſome pity e'en to brutes is due:
Their native walks, methinks, they might enjoy
Curb'd of their native malice to deſtroy.
Of all the tyrannies on humane kind
The worſt is that which perſecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.
In puniſhing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beaſts are the ſubjects of tyrannick ſway,
Where ſtill the ſtronger on the weaker prey.

Man

Man onely of a ſofter mold is made;
Not for his fellows ruine, but their aid.
Created kind, beneficent and free,
The noble image of the Deity.

One portion of informing fire was giv'n
To Brutes, th' inferiour family of heav'n:
The Smith divine, as with a careleſs beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But, when arriv'd at laſt to humane race,
The god-head took a deep conſid'ring ſpace:
And, to diſtinguiſh man from all the reſt,
Unlock'd the ſacred treaſures of his breaſt:
And mercy mix'd with reaſon did impart;
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reaſon to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The firſt is law, the laſt prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd;
When iſſuing naked, to the wondring herd
He charm'd their eyes, & for they lov'd, they fear'd.

Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to ſeize their furry ſpoils in fight,
Or with increaſe of feet t'o'ertake 'em in their flight.
Of eaſie ſhape, and pliant ev'ry way;
Confeſſing ſtill the ſoftneſs of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:
With open hands, and with extended ſpace
Of arms, to ſatisfie a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge miſapply'd, miſunderſtood,
And pride of Empire ſour'd his balmy bloud.
Then, firſt rebelling, his own ſtamp he coins;
The murth'rer *Cain* was latent in his loins,
And bloud began its firſt and loudeſt cry
For diff'ring worſhip of the Deity.
Thus perſecution roſe, and farther ſpace
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not ſo the bleſſed *Pan* his flock encreas'd,
Content to fold 'em from the famiſh'd beaſt:

Mild

Mild were his laws; the Sheep and harmleſs Hind
Were never of the perſecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious Paſtor ſhows,
Such mercy from the *Britiſh* Lyon flows,
That both provide protection for their foes.

Oh happy Regions, *Italy* and *Spain*,
Which never did thoſe monſters entertain!
The *Wolfe*, the *Bear*, the *Boar*, can there advance
No native claim of juſt inheritance.
And ſelf-preſerving laws, ſevere in ſhow,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd 'em let 'em ſafely ſhare
The common benefit of vital air.
Themſelves unharmfull, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws diſabl'd, and their claws diſarm'd:
Here, onely in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not ſeize the Hind nor leap the fold.
More pow'rfull, and as vigilant as they,
The *Lyon* awfully forbids the prey.

Their rage repreſs'd, though pinch'd with famine ſore,
They ſtand aloof, and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
Theſe are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like *Adam*, naming ev'ry beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the Muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born and ſun-begotten Tribe:
Who, far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found:
Theſe groſs, half-animated lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no high'r
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire.
Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay;
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are They,
As wou'd but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as *Shards* produce, ſuch beetle things
As onely buz to heav'n with ev'ning wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blind-fold blows of ignorance.

They

They know not beings, and but hate a name,
To them the *Hind* and *Panther* are the ſame.

The *Panther* ſure the nobleſt, next the *Hind*,
And faireſt creature of the ſpotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born ſtains be waſh'd away,
She were too good to be a beaſt of Prey!
How can I praiſe, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend!
Her faults and vertues lye ſo mix'd, that ſhe
Nor wholly ſtands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd *Lyon*, let me ſpeak,
He can not bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and eſtrang'd in part,
The *Wolfe* begins to ſhare her wandring heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits, who ſins but in Her will.
If, as our dreaming *Platoniſts* report,
There could be ſpirits of a middle ſort,

Too black for heav'n, and yet too white for hell,
Who juſt dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, ſo gently ſhe deſcends from high,
It ſeems a ſoft diſmiſſion from the sky.
Her houſe not ancient, whatſoe'er pretence
Her clergy Heraulds make in her defence.
A ſecond century not half-way run
Since the new honours of her bloud began.
A *Lyon* old, obſcene, and furious made
By luſt, compreſs'd her mother in a ſhade.
Then, by a left-hand marr'age weds the Dame,
Cov'ring adult'ry with a ſpecious name:
So ſchiſm begot; and ſacrilege and ſhe,
A well-match'd pair, got graceleſs hereſie.
God's and kings rebels have the ſame good cauſe,
To trample down divine and humane laws:
Both wou'd be call'd Reformers, and their hate,
Alike deſtructive both to church and ſtate:

The

The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawleſs Prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence,
By ruins, charity; by riots, abſtinence.
Confeſſions, faſts and penance ſet aſide;
Oh with what eaſe we follow ſuch a guide!
Where ſouls are ſtarv'd, and ſenſes gratify'd.
Where marr'age pleaſures, midnight pray'r ſupply,
And mattin bells (a melancholy cry)
Are tun'd to merrier notes, *encreaſe* and *multiply.*
Religion ſhows a Roſie colour'd face;
Not hatter'd out with drudging works of grace,
A down-hill Reformation rolls apace.
What fleſh and bloud wou'd croud the narrow gate?
Or, till they waſte their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All wou'd be happy at the cheapeſt rate.

Though our lean faith theſe rigid laws has giv'n,
The full fed *Muſulman* goes fat to heav'n;
For his *Arabian* Prophet with delights
Of ſenſe, allur'd his eaſtern Proſelytes.

The jolly *Luther*, reading him, began
T'interpret Scriptures by his *Alcoran*;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of *Paradiſe* more ſweet:
Bethought him of a wife e'er half way gone,
(For 'twas uneaſy travailing alone;)
And in this maſquerade of mirth and love,
Miſtook the bliſs of heav'n for *Bacchanals* above.
Sure he preſum'd of praiſe, who came to ſtock
Th' etherial paſtures with ſo fair a flock,
Burniſh'd, and bat'ning on their food, to ſhow
The diligence of carefull herds below.

Our *Panther* though like theſe ſhe chang'd her head,
Yet, as the miſtreſs of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majeſty ſhe bore,
The Crozier weilded, and the Miter wore.
Her upper part of decent diſcipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line:

And

And fathers, councils, church and churches head,
Were on her reverend *Phylacteries* read.
But what diſgrac'd and diſavow'd the reſt,
Was *Calvin*'s brand, that ſtigmatiz'd the beaſt.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth ſhe lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no ſound of Her is come,
Humbly content to be deſpis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At leaſt ſhe leaves the refuſe of the bad.
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of beſt,
And leaſt deform'd, becauſe reform'd the leaſt.
In doubtfull points betwixt her diff'ring friends,
Where one for ſubſtance, one for ſign contends,
Their contradicting terms ſhe ſtrives to join,
Sign ſhall be ſubſtance, ſubſtance ſhall be ſign.
A real preſence all her ſons allow,
And yet 'tis flat Idolatry to bow,
Becauſe the god-head's there they know not how.

Her

Her Novices are taught that bread and wine
Are but the viſible and outward ſign
Receiv'd by thoſe who in communion join.
But th' inward grace, or the thing ſignify'd,
His bloud and body, who to ſave us dy'd;
The faithfull this thing ſignify'd receive.
What is't thoſe faithfull then partake or leave?
For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and bloud.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgement, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too.
The lit'ral ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood,
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.

Her wild belief on ev'ry wave is toſt,
But ſure no church can better morals boaſt.
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her bloud;

Nor

Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That int'reſt or obligement made the tye,
(Bound to the fate of murdr'd Monarchy:)
(Before the ſounding Ax ſo falls the Vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the Poplar twine:)
She choſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an *Indian* wife:
A rare example: but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortunes favours are undone,
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be natures frailty, or her fate,
Or * *Iſgrim*'s counſel, her new choſen mate; * The Wolfe.
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.

Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate auctority;

For how can she constrain them to obey?
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all, and those who rod
In common theft, will have the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiours first to fight:
If she reform by Text, 'tis that was plain
For her own Rebels to reform again.
As long as words a diff'rent sense will bear,
And each may be his own Interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolf*, by turns prevail,
The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom she first betray'd:
No help from Fathers or traditions train,
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain.
And by that scripture which she once abus'd
To Reformation, stands her self accus'd.

What

What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns herſelf may err?
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It barrs her claim to church auctority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But Scripture may be conſtru'd to defend?
Ev'n thoſe whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil pow'r, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a Judge is due.
Each judging for himſelf, by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the Magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis onely for tranſgreſſing humane laws.
How anſw'ring to its end a church is made,
Whoſe pow'r is but to counſell and perſuade?

O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!

Thus is the *Panther* neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock Queen of a divided Herd:
Whom soon by lawfull pow'r she might controll,
Her self a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the Moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star:
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:
Now, mixing with a salvage croud, she goes
And meanly flatters her invet'rate foes.
Rul'd while she rules, and losing ev'ry hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious pow'r.

One evening while the cooler shade she sought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone she walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rufull visage for her vanish'd train:
None of her sylvan subjects made their court;
Levées and couchées pass'd without resort.
So hardly can Usurpers manage well
Those, whom they first instructed to rebell:
More liberty begets desire of more,
The hunger still encreases with the store.
Without respect they brush'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and fill'd with loathsome food
Ask'd no permission to the neighb'ring flood.
The *Panther* full of inward discontent
Since they wou'd goe, before 'em wisely went:
Supplying want of pow'r by drinking first,
As if she gave 'em leave to quench their thirst.
Among the rest, the *Hind*, with fearfull face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,

Nor

Nor durſt approach; till with an awfull roar
The ſovereign *Lyon* bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her Patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd:
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs *Hind*,
Such as the *Wolfe* and *Panther* had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd, for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith; but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heav'nly hiew!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or int'reſt, ev'ry ſect
Of all the ſalvage nation ſhew'd reſpect:

The Vice-roy *Panther* could not awe the herd,
The more the company the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly *Wolfe* with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet cou'd not howl; the *Hind* had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the *Panther* durſt.

For when the herd ſuffis'd did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proff'ring the *Hind* to wait her half the way:
That ſince the Sky was clear, an hour of talk,
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat awhile on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the gratefull *Hind* ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſuff'rer in the plot.
Yet wondring how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,

Which

Which, well she hop'd, might be with ease redress'd,
Consid'ring Her a well-bred civil beast,
And more a Gentlewoman than the rest.
After some common talk what rumours ran,
The Lady of the spotted-muff began.

THE

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The Second Part.

DAME, ſaid the *Panther*, times are mended well
Since late among the *Philiſtines* you fell,
The toils were pich'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert hunts-men was encompaſs'd round;
Th' Encloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious pow'r
Of hounds and death, drew nearer ev'ry hour.

'Tis true, the younger *Lyon* ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtrugling there;
As ſacrifices on their Altars laid;
While you their carefull mother wiſely fled
Not truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For, what e'er promiſes you have appli'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair leggs in danger to provide.
And what e'er tales of *Peter's* chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to 'ſcape ſo well.

As I remember, ſaid the ſober *Hind*,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and, with the ſelf ſame throw,
To catch the quarry, and the vermin too,
(Forgive the ſland'rous tongues that call'd you ſo.)
How e'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty;

Beſides,

Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
(As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,)
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed, but thinking long
The *Teſt* it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And, to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
(After long fencing puſh'd, againſt a wall,)
Your *ſalvo* comes, that he's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be at a ſtay?

Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd my ſelf infallible,
Reply'd the *Panther*; grant ſuch Preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real *vertue* we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.

Then ſaid the *Hind*, as you the matter ſtate
Not onely *Jeſuits* can equivocate;
For *real*, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an *Æſop*'s fable you repeat,
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your churches ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life,
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubl'd batt'ry bore,
But, after all, againſt your ſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf, for ev'ry hour your form
Is chop'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
Thus fear and int'reſt will prevail with ſome,
For all have not the gift of martyrdome.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd;
That men may err was never yet deny'd.

But,

But, if that common principle be true,
The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.
But, ſhunning long diſputes, I fain wou'd ſee
That wond'rous wight infallibility.
Is he from heav'n this mighty champion come,
Or lodg'd below in ſubterranean *Rome*?
Firſt, ſeat him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
Or elſe conclude that nothing has no place.

Suppoſe (though I diſown it) ſaid the *Hind*;
The certain manſion were not yet aſſign'd,
The doubtfull reſidence no proof can bring
Againſt the plain exiſtence of the thing.
Becauſe *Philoſophers* may diſagree,
If ſight b'emiſſion or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?
But you require an anſwer poſitive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give,
For fallacies in Univerſals live.

I then

I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In Pope and gen'ral councils muſt reſide;
Both lawfull, both combin'd, what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted ſenſe the church relies.
'Tis true, ſome Doctours in a ſcantier ſpace,
I mean in each apart contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line,
The churches after acceptation join.
This laſt circumference appears too wide,
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
As members by their repreſentatives
Oblig'd to laws which Prince and Senate gives:
Thus ſome contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace;
In Pope and council who denies the place,
Aſſiſted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Thoſe Canons all the needfull points contain;
Their ſenſe ſo obvious, and their words ſo plain,
That no diſputes about the doubtfull Text
Have, hitherto, the lab'ring world perplex'd:

If

If any ſhou'd in after times appear,
New Councils muſt be call'd, to make the meaning clear.
Becauſe in them the pow'r ſupreme reſides;
And all the promiſes are to the guides.
This may be taught with ſound and ſafe defence:
But mark how ſandy is your own pretence,
Who ſetting Councils, Pope, and Church aſide,
Are ev'ry man his own preſuming guide.
The ſacred books, you ſay, are full and plain,
And ev'ry needfull point of truth contain:
All who can read, Interpreters may be:
Thus though your ſev'ral churches diſagree,
Yet ev'ry Saint has to himſelf alone
The ſecret of this Philoſophick ſtone.
Theſe principles your jarring ſects unite,
When diff'ring Doctours and diſciples fight
Though *Luther*, *Zuinglius*, *Calvin*, holy chiefs
Have made a battel Royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horſes ſev'ral ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd Text about the chriſtian World;

Each

Each *Jehu* laſhing on with furious force,
That *Turk* or *Jew* cou'd not have us'd it worſe.
No matter what diſſention leaders make
Where ev'ry private man may ſave a ſtake,
Rul'd by the Scripture and his own advice
Each has a blind by-path to Paradiſe;
Where driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous charity you have in ſtore
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that *Mahomet* had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind Prophet, was for damning none,
But *Chriſt* and *Moyſes* were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for *Turks* to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man
In virtue of his holier *Alcoran.*

True, ſaid the *Panther*, I ſhall ne'er deny
My breth'ren may be ſav'd as well as I:

Though

Though *Huguenots* contemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation,
And *Luther*, more miſtaking what he read,
Misjoins the ſacred Body with the Bread;
Yet, *Lady*, ſtill remember I maintain,
The Word in needfull points is onely plain.

Needleſs or needfull I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend,
(Rejoyn'd the Matron) but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not *Arius* firſt, *Socinus* now,
The Son's eternal god-head diſavow,
And did not theſe by Goſpel Texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all hereticks the ſame pretence
To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
How did the *Nicene* council then decide
That ſtrong debate, was it by Scripture try'd?

No, ſure to thoſe the Rebel would not yield,
Squadrons of Texts he marſhal'd in the field;
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where Piles with piles, and eagles Eagles met.
With Texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the Foe:
And did not *Sathan* tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old Biſhops took a ſimpler way,
Each ask'd but what he heard his Father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by traditions force upheld the truth.

The *Panther* ſmil'd at this, and when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt Councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were Apoſtolick?

Friend, ſaid the *Hind*, you quit your former ground,
Where all your Faith you did on Scripture found;
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ,
But thus your memory betrays your wit.

No,

No, ſaid the *Panther*, for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet 'em by the rule, and as they ſquare
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there
This Oral fiction, that old Faith declare.

(*Hind.*) The Council ſteer'd it ſeems a diff'rent courſe,
They try'd the Scripture by tradition's force;
But you tradition by the Scripture try;
Purſu'd, by Sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
Thus ſaid the *Dame*, and, ſmiling, thus purſu'd,
I ſee tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
And Scripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithfull ground;
Unleſs you cou'd infallibly expound.

Which you reject as odious Popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to Scripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and times expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus when you ſaid tradition muſt be try'd
By Sacred Writ, whoſe ſenſe your ſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that your ſelves muſt be
The judges of the Scripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church tradition you declare
And yet your Clerks wou'd ſit in *Moyſes* chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.

If

If not by Scriptures how can we be ſure
(Reply'd the *Panther*) what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old,
All, as they ſay, that glitters is not gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where ev'ry age do's on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like *Jacob*'s ladder riſe,
The loweſt hid in earth, the topmoſt in the skyes.

Sternly the ſalvage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
And ſaid but this, ſince lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadfull gaps have made
'Tis dangerous climbing: to your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther*'s breath was ever fam'd for ſweet,
But from the *Wolfe* ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer 'tis but barely urg'd;
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd authours uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till Elder quitts the claim.
Then for our int'reſt which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry:
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve Apoſtles would be left.

Your

Your friend the *Wolf* did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide:
And *Fathers* too, unleſs when reaſon ſpent
He cites 'em but ſometimes for ornament.
But, Madam *Panther*, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your Adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind
Than all the dodging tricks your authours find.
For they, who left the Scripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe 'em was to make 'em proud.
Thus: with full ſails, they ran upon the ſhelf,
Who cou'd ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond hand.
But you who *Fathers* and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church auctority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,

Are

Are like a *Mule* made up of diff'ring ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home-diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you ev'ry day,
While you (to ſpeak the beſt) are at a ſtay,
For ſects that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd Senate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, (nor can you deny)
If we muſt fix on church auctority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood,
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command, who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is *Antichriſt* by *Antichriſt* expell'd?
Did we a lawfull tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?

Why

Why all theſe wars to win the Book, if we
Muſt not interpret for our ſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves or wholly free.
For *purging* fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove Epiſcopacy's right:
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount 'em but in time of need.
Like mercenary's, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native Prince.
Againſt domeſtick foes of *Hierarchy*
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanaticks fly,
But, when they ſee their countrey-men at hand,
Marching againſt 'em under church-command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and disband.

Thus ſhe, nor cou'd the *Panther* well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid, for what did *Chriſt* his Word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred Pen-men cou'd not make 'em clear,

From after ages we should hope in vain.
For truths, which men inſpir'd, cou'd not explain.

Before the Word was written, ſaid the *Hind*:
Our Saviour preach'd his Faith to humane kind,
From his Apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught, believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt,
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding Paſtours nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe,)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He cou'd have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event wou'd be like that of *Moyſes* law;
Some difference wou'd ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe, which yet the jarring *Jews* maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure,
Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A Prophet grav'd the text, an Angel held his hand.

Thus

Thus faith was e'er the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd, not what they read, but heard.
But ſince th' Apoſtles cou'd not be confin'd,
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow;
To ſpread their faith they ſpread their labours too.
Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught 'em to rebell,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect, their leſſons had forgot,
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by Epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great Phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended, but occaſional.
Their abſent ſermons, nor if they contain
All needfull doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.

Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought,
They writ but ſeldome, but they daily taught.
And what one Saint has ſaid of holy *Paul*,
He darkly writ, is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity could heav'n provide
More prudently, than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needfull, therefore made,
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due rev'rence, to th' Apoſtles writ,
By which my ſons are taught, to which, ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths their ſacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain,
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the Primitive at laſt.
Nor wou'd I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is it ſelf the ſubject of diſpute.

But

But what th' Apoſtles their ſucceſſours taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought;
Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd when errours riſe,
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And ſafe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By theſe all feſtring ſores her councils heal,
Which time or has diſclos'd, or ſhall reveal,
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a council national decide
But with ſubordination to her Guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd.)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome Legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's Teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtfull heirs their diff'ring titles plead:
All vouch the words their int'reſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.

Shall

Shall then the teſtament award the right?
No, that's the *Hungary* for which they fight;
The field of battel, ſubject of debate,
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis onely clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.

Suppoſe, (the fair Apoſtate ſaid,) I grant,
The faithfull flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chaſe purſue,
Produce this vaunted Leader to our view,
This mighty *Moyſes* of the choſen crew.

The Dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
(And looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words— *She whom ye ſeek am I.*)

Nor

Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the *Panther* heard,
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a god declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſty renew'd,
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of 'em your ſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each Proſelyte wou'd vote his Doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus wou'd your *Poliſh* Diet diſagree,
And end as it began in Anarchy.
Your ſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-gen'ral of the land,
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some Presbyterian Sabre wou'd be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſov'raignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw wou'd ſee,
And call Rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion modify'd, if not entire;

Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed;
But when *Caſſana* will not doe the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take
(Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make)
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your onely rule of faith the Scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which ev'ry ſect will for themſelves expound:
Nor think leſs rev'rence to their doctours due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad,
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhou'd obey.
But if you mean your ſelves are onely ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found.

Becauſe

Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While *ſound* and *ſound* a diff'rent ſenſe explains
Both play at hard-head till they break their brains:
And from their chairs each others force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt cou'd fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſev'ral churches diſagree.
The *Conſubſtantiating* church and Prieſt
Refuſe communion to the *Calvinift*;

The *French* reform'd, from preaching you refrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain:
And ſo they judge of yours, but Donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline
Not one reform'd, can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation fly:
No union, they pretend, but in *Non-Popery*.
Nor ſhou'd their members in a ſynod meet:
Cou'd any church preſume to mount the ſeat
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide:
None wou'd obey, but each wou'd be the guide:
And face to face diſſentions wou'd encreaſe;
For onely diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd.
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:

Becauſe

Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shows want of ſuch a ſure interpreter:
And how can he be needfull who can err?
Then, granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains that church can onely be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errours, you diſown.
Here then you ſhrink, & lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight.
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt
With which our Saviour did his Church inveſt;

But ſtrive t'evade, and fear to find 'em true.
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church aſſerts her own,
And with unrivall'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' Almighty father ſate
In Council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred Conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy mixt with juſtice cou'd propound.
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfill
The full extent of their Creatour's will:
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournfull whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy with heads hung down
Submiſſively declin'd the pondrous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heav'n had bent,
Nor he Himſelf cou'd bear, but as omnipotent.

Now

Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heav'nly rays adorn her brows,
What from his Wardrobe her belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of Eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys;
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free
With that t' aſſert ſpiritual Royalty.

One in herſelf not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining Diamond,
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you,
One is the church, and muſt be to be true:
One central principle of unity
As undivided, ſo from errours free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.

Unity of the Catholick Church from the Nicene Creed.

Thus

Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
Of Hereticks oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the Gyant-brood invades her throne
She ſtoops from heav'n, and meets 'em half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like *Ægyptian* Sorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your magick wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You cou'd like them, with like infernal force
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and botches, with diſgrace
And publick ſcandal ſat upon the face,
Themſelves attack'd, the *Magi* ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they cou'd not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread
Like the fair ocean from her mother bed;
From Eaſt to Weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhoars are water'd by her wealthy Tides.

The

The Goſpel's ſound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll.
The ſelf ſame doctrine of the Sacred page
Convey'd to ev'ry clime in ev'ry age.

Here let my ſorrow give my fatyr place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my *Britiſh* race;
Our ſayling ſhips like common ſhoars we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draughts of Dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far *Indian* coaſt:
Thieves, Pandars, Palliards, ſins of ev'ry ſort,
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the Miſſionaires our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.

Yet

Yet some improve their traffick more than we;
For they on gain their onely God rely:
And set a publick price on piety.
Industrious of the needle and the chair
They run full sail to their *Japponian* Mart:
Prevention fear, and prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Christian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked shame.

Thus of three marks which in the Creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much less the fourth; in vain alas you seek
Th' ambitious title of Apostolick.
God-like descent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble, in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our store)
Was Errour fulminated o'er and o'er.

Old Hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.

'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that ye winds and rains, you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no pow'r when Hereſies grow bold
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe cou'd this obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd
Till Schiſm or Hereſie call down *Goliah*'s ſword.

Thus, what you call corruptions, are in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth,

Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again
And view thoſe ſtrouts which new ſects maintain
Or which of old diſturb'd the churches peacefull reign,
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs and decay.

Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike
Till you can prove your faith Apoſtolick;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawfull in a direct courſe.
Prove any church oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'd yet ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſie.

If such a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fall;
A church unprincipl'd kicks up the scale.

But if you can not think, (nor sure you can)
Suppose in God what were unjust in man,
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should suffer falshood for so long a space
To banish truth, and to usurp her place:
That nine successive ages should be lost
And preach damnation at their proper cost;
That all your erring ancestours should dye,
Drown'd in the Abyss of deep Idolatry:
If piety forbid such thoughts to rise,
Awake and open your unwilling eyes:
God has left nothing for each age undone
From this to that wherein he sent his Son;
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.

See how his church adorn'd with ev'ry grace
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long loſt ſons embrace.
Not more did *Joſeph* o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep,
When in the croud of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt beloved *Benjamin*.
That pious *Joſeph* in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The *Joſeph* you exil'd, the *Joſeph* whom you ſold.

The reconciliation of the Benedictines to the Abby Lands.

Thus, while with heav'nly eloquence he ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke:
Shot from the skyes a cheerful azure light,
The birds obſcene to forreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandring guilty ſpright.

Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the sky
For *James* his late nocturnal victory;

The

The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,
The fire-works which his anger made above.
I saw my self the lambent eafie light
Guild the brown horrour and difpell the night;
The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore;
News which three lab'ring nations did reſtore,
But heav'ns own *Nuncius* was arriv'd before.

By this, the *Hind* had reach'd her lonely cell;
And vapours roſe, and dews unwholſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heav'n had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the skyes.
The Weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all flaming red,
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger Dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe dyet and a mean repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſt
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt.

But what plain fare her cottage cou'd afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and to supply the rest,
An honest meaning and an open breast.
Last, with content of mind, the poorman's Wealth,
A grace-cup to their common Patron's health.
This she desir'd her to accept, and stay
For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
Because she wanted an unerring guide.
And then the dew drops on her silken hide
Her tender constitution did declare,
Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But most she fear'd that travelling so late,
Some evil minded beasts might lye in wait,
And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning ear,
Had more of *Lyon* in her than to fear.

Yet

Yet wisely weighing since he had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford,
And took her friendly hostess at her word.
Who ent'ring first her lowly roof, (a shed
With hoary moss and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest;
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest,
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures,
War seldom enters but where wealth allures;
Nor yet despise it, for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;

A god victorious of the stygian race
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.

This mean retreat did neighbouring Streams contain;
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilfull poverty:
And, though ill habits are not soon controll'd,
A while suspended her desire of gold.
But civilly drew in her sharpn'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws.
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

The *Hind* did first her country Cates provide;
Then couch'd her self securely by her side.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

The Third Part.

MUCH malice mingl'd with a little wit
Perhaps may cenſure this myſterious writ,
Becauſe the Muſe has peopl'd *Caledon*
With *Panthers*, *Bears*, and *Wolves*, and Beaſts unkown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.

Let *Æſop* anſwer, who has ſet to view,
Such kinds as *Greece* and *Phrygia* never knew;
And mother *Hubbard* in her homely dreſs
Has ſharply blam'd a *Britiſh Lioneſs*,
That *Queen*, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and a-ſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.

Others our *Hind* of folly will endite,
To entertain a dang'rous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember that ſhe cannot dye
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the *Panther*, though untam'd,
Becauſe the *Lyon*'s peace was now proclam'd,
The wary ſalvage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her *Prince*;

But

But watch'd the time her vengeance to compleat,
When all her furry ſons in frequent Senate met.
Mean while ſhe quench'd her fury at the floud,
And with a Lenten ſallad cool'd her bloud.
Their commons, though but courſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the *Hind*, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T'expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly pleaſing theam;
Remembring ev'ry ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the publick hate,
And drop'd a tear betwixt for her own childrens fate.

Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the *Panther* ſuffer'd for her ſake.

Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd Heir,
Her ſtrength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe prolixly thankfull, ſhe enlarg'd,
Then with acknowledgments herſelf ſhe charg'd:
For friendſhip of it ſelf, an holy tye,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues wou'd ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.

The *Panther* nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone.
But ſaid her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Chriſtian care.

If to the lawfull Heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but *Cæſar* what was *Cæſar's* due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuff'ring ſons, and ſo return your bribe;
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd,
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gawdy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and bask in your Great *Patron's* day.

This heard, the *Matron* was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind;
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice ſtood in open ſight.
Ambition, int'reſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſie, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloudy minister of ill,
With all the lean tormenters of the will.
'Twas eaſie now to guels from whence aroſe
Her new made union with her ancient foes,

Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound;
But ſtrove with Anodynes t' aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her med'cine did impart.

Complaints of Lovers help to eaſe their pain,
It ſhows a Reſt of kindneſs to complain,
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold,
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſie would ſhow,
If others good were injury to you:
Witneſs ye heav'ns how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth, and riſing loyalty,
Your Warrier Offspring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honours of your peacefull gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind.

When

When vertue ſpoomes before a proſp'rous gale
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail,
And if my pray'rs for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd:
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field.
Yours be the harveſt, 'tis the beggars gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
And alms are but the vehicles of pray'r.
My daily bread is litt'rally implor'd,
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard;
If *Cæſar* to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor,
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore;

I am

I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhips holy laws,
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.

Show more occaſion for your diſcontent,
Your love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent,
Some *German* quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some *French*, where force is uppermoſt, will doe.
When at the fountains head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſie 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below,
Or call her, (when no farther cauſe you find,)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,
The *Wolf* deſign'd to eat as well as drink.

This

This laſt alluſion gaul'd the *Panther* more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her Paſſive character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate're my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the *Lyon's* court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuff'ring ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood:
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my bloud.

Ah, ſaid the *Hind*, how many ſons have you
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.

They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nible at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line?
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But once possess'd of what with care you save,
The wanton boyes wou'd pisse upon your grave.
Your sons of Latitude that court your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race.
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray god your prove ten lawfully begot:
For, in some *Popish* libells I have read,
The *Wolf* has been too busie in your bed.

At leaſt their hinder parts, the belly piece,
The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,
Fat Biſhopricks are ſtill of right divine.

Think you your new *French* Proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtary'd at home?
Your benefices twinckl'd from afar,
They found the new *Meſſiah* by the ſtar:
Thoſe *Swiſſes* fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t' other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits wou'd more converts make,
All wou'd have latitude enough to take.

The reſt unbenefic'd, your ſects maintain
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home, are much like theſe,
Their ſoft and eaſie metals run with eaſe,
They melt, and take the figure of the mould:
But harden, and preſerve it beſt in gold.

Your *Delphick* Sword, the *Panther* then reply'd,
Is double edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine who bear upon their ſhield,
Three ſteeples Argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lyes with bold aſſertions they can face,
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim Logician puts 'em in a fright,
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.

Thus

Thus our eighth *Henry*'s marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Devorcing from the *Church* to wed the Dame.
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd
That conſcience, conſcience wou'd not let him reſt,
I mean not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming *Catherine* was remov'd.
For ſundry years before did he complain,
And told his ghoſtly Confeſſour his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay, that look the reformation round,
No *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.
But if none were, the Goſpel does not want,
Our *Saviour* preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The Sermon in the mount was *Proteſtant:*

No doubt, reply'd the *Hind*, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint *Peter* and Saint *Paul.*
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.

Now for my converts, who you ſay unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread,
Judge not by hear-ſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change, their loaves have been increaſt.
The *Lyon* buyes no Converts, if he did,
Beaſts wou'd be ſold as faſt as he cou'd bid.
Tax thoſe of int'reſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign.
Your broad-way ſons wou'd never be too nice
To cloſe with *Calvin*, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples high'r, wou'd change their note,
And quit the Caſſock for the Canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by your ſelves, and think not others ſold.

Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fames report
Pay ſmall attendance at the *Lyon*'s court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late,
(For ſilently they beg who daily wait.)

Preferment is beſtow'd that comes unſought,
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhou'd ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd,
For not to ask, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their *God* and *King* they bleſs,
And hope they ſhou'd not murmur, had they leſs.
But, if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they wou'd paſs your door;
Unpitty'd *Hudibraſs*, your Champion friend,
Has ſhown how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead.

With odious *Atheiſt* names you load your foes,
Your lib'ral *Clergy* why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But *Imprimatur*, with a Chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.

What

What wonder is't that black detraction thrives,
The Homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murtherer ſurvives.

This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt;
She knew the vertue of her blade, nor wou'd
Pollute her ſatyr with ignoble bloud:
Her panting foes ſhe ſaw before her lye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry:
So when the gen'rous *Lyon* has in ſight
His equal match, he rouſes for the fight;
But when his [illegible]lyes proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane;
And, pleas'd with bloudleſs honours of the day,
Walks over, and diſdains th' inglorious Prey.
So *JAMES*, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rowling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungratefull friends a lengthn'd ſpace,
T'implore the remnants of long ſuff'ring grace.

This

This breathing-time the *Matron* took; and then,
Reſum'd the thrid of her diſcourſe agen.
Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
And let heav'n judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joyes hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and publick ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farwell to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to humane honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebell, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt, and do'ſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt giv'n, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet; yet all thou haſt to give,
Then add thoſe *may-be* years thou haſt to live.

Yet nothing ſtill: then poor, and naked come,
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's bloud diſcharge the mighty ſum.

Thus (ſhe purſu'd) I diſcipline a ſon
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge wou'd run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts a-ſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God, to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That ſuff'ring from ill tongues he bears no more
Than what his Sovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.

It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And ask why *God*'s anointed he revil'd;
A *King* and *Princeſs* dead! did *Shimei* worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o're,
But he who councell'd him, has paid the ſcore:

The heavy malice cou'd no higher tend,
But wo to him on whom the weights deſcend:
So to permitted ills the *Dæmon* flyes:
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the skyes;
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges ev'ry Tyre around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight,
But his own thundring peals proclaim his flight.

In *Henry*'s change his charge as ill ſucceeds,
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs,
Confront but *Henry*'s words with *Henry*'s deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open ſight,
Which from the cauſe, he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.

Now laſt your ſons a double *Pæan* ſound,
A *Treatiſe of Humility* is found.

'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been sought
Than thus in Protestant procession brought.
The fam'd original through *Spain* is known,
Rodriguez work, my celebrated son,
Which yours, by ill-translating made his own,
Conceal'd its authour, and usurp'd the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.
My Altars kindl'd first that living coal,
Restore, or practice better what you stole:
That vertue could this humble verse inspire,
'Tis all the restitution I require.

Glad was the *Panther* that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her fav'rite sons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himself a saver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of Pirates in whose hands he fell:

But at the den of thieves he justly flies,
And ev'ry *Algerine* is lawfull prize.
No private person in the foes estate
Can plead exemption from the publick fate.
Yet Christian laws allow not such redress,
Then let the greater supersede the less.
But let th' Abbettors of the *Panther's* crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may sure be found to write
Among her sons, for 'tis no common sight
A spotted Dam, and all her offspring white.

The *Salvage*, though she saw her plea controll'd,
Yet wou'd not wholly seem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the strife;
And judge conversion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, she said, I think it somewhat strange
So few shou'd follow profitable change;
For present joys are more to flesh and bloud,
Than a dull prospect of a distant good.

'Twas

'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin.)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliſs,
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails,
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.

Your inf'rence wou'd be ſtrong (the *Hind* reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuff'ring ſide:
Your clergy ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My Proſelytes are ſtruck with awfull dread,
Your bloudy Comet-laws hang blazing o're their head.
The reſpite they enjoy but onely lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.

Be judge your ſelf, if int'reſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my ſlow encreaſe.

By education moſt have been miſled,
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The *Prieſt* continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But int'reſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth:
When int'reſt fortifies an argument
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the wills aſſent;
For ſouls already warp'd receive an eaſie bent.

Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And picque of honour to maintain a cauſe,

And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And Zeal, the blind conductor of the will,
And chief among the ſtill miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all, the private Judge allow'd.
Diſdain of Fathers which the daunce began,
And laſt, uncertain who's the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.

To this the *Panther*, with a ſcornfull ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travail with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without controll
Among my ſons, for Proſelytes to prole,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate,
Pray heav'n you did not propheſie your fate;
Perhaps you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The *Swallows* fortune gives you cauſe to fear.

For

For charity (reply'd the Matron) tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befell.

Nay, no miſchance, (the ſalvage Dame reply'd)
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet, wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.

The *Swallow*, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as man's familiar Gueſt,
Purſues the Sun in ſummer brisk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoak alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heav'nly line,
Endu'd with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry Chorister had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:

Till frowning skys began to change their chear
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or Prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes
And ſeek a better heav'n, and warmer clymes.

Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeples height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhou'd be fair,
All to the gen'ral rendezvous repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings and mount themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns not us to know.

Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:

Next

Next morn they rose and ſet up ev'ry ſail,
The wind was fair, but blew a *mackrel* gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhivring on the ſhoar,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.

With theſe the *Martyn* readily concurr'd,
A church-begot, and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce; as *Martyns* are by kind.
Yet often quoted Cannon-laws, and *Code*,
And Fathers which he never underſtood,
But little learning needs in noble bloud.
For, ſooth to ſay, the *Swallow* brought him in,
Her houſhold Chaplain, and her next of kin.
In Superſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting Schemes, by planetary gueſs:

In fine, shortwing'd, unfit himself to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the sky.

Besides, a *Raven* from a wither'd Oak,
Left of their lodging, was observ'd to croke.
That omen lik'd him not, for his advice
Was present safety, bought at any price.
(A seeming pious care, that cover'd cowardise.)
To strengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of rising waters, and a troubl'd stream,
Sure sign of anguish, dangers and distress,
With something more not lawfull to express:
By which he slyly seem'd to intimate
Some secret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inscrib'd with sacred rime,
Whose antique characters did well denote
The *Sibyl*'s hand of the *Cumæan* Grott:
The mad Divineress had plainly writ,
A time shou'd come (but many ages yet,)

In which, ſiniſter deſtinies ordain,
A *Dame* ſhou'd drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the *Chelidonian* main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.

'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their onely danger was delay,
And he who heard what ev'ry fool cou'd ſay,
Wou'd never fix his thoughts, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good, the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
Nor more than uſual *Equinoxes* blew.
The Sun (already from the ſcales declin'd)
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the Sky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas onely water throwin on Sails too dry.

But, leaſt of all *Philoſophy* preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the *Martyr*, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of Ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met and clubb'd into a dream.
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear.
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each *Noſtradamus* can foretell with eaſe:
Not naming perſons, and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rimes.

Th' advice was true, but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put, to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* part to ſtay.

His point thus gain'd, Sir *Martyn* dated thence
His pow'r, and from a Prieſt became a Prince.

He

He order'd all things with a buſie care,
And cells, and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions lay'd of winter fare.
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heav'n ſome miracle might ſhow,
And, for their ſakes, the ſun ſhou'd backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the *Ram*, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in Sacred ſtory lay,
Of *Ahaz* dial, and of *Joſhuah's* day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe
A chapell hous'd 'em, truly call'd of eaſe:
For *Martyn* much devotion did not ask,
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their task.

It happen'd (as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit)
That, this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new *Merlin's* art.

Some

Some * *Swifts*, the Gyants of the *Swallow* kind,
Large limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For *Swiſſes*, or for *Gibeonites* deſign'd,)
Theſe Lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain,
And ſaw (but ſcarcely cou'd believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flow'rs ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and walking there,
Had left his foot-ſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh *Cuckow* ſing,
Whoſe note prochaim'd the holy day of ſpring.

No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The *Prieſt* before 'em did his wings diſplay;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck wou'd have it, 'twas St. *Martyn*'s day.

* Otherwiſe called Martlets.

Who

Who but the *Swallow* now triumphs alone,
The Canopy of heaven is all her own,
Her youthfull offspring to their haunts repair;
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That ev'ry ſon can live upon his trade,
And now the carefull charge is off their hands,
Look out for husbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthfull widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by Lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimneys on the bride.
So thick they couple, in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That *Martyns* marr'age offsprings riſe apace;
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call *Lucina*'s aid.

Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year;
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.

And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad, and people colonies:
The youth drawn forth, as *Martyn* had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny required)
Were ſent far off on an ill fated day;
The reſt would need conduct 'em on their way,
And *Martyn* went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.

So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was entr'd into *Capricorn*;
Which, by their bad Aſtronomers account,
That week the virgin balance ſhou'd remount;
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day:

The

The crow'd amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark;
Few mind the publick in a Panick fright;
And fear increas'd the horrour of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe,
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe,
Alone, and black ſhe came, no friendly ſtars aroſe.

What ſhou'd they doe, beſet with dangers round,
No neighb'ring Dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call,
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath 'em craul,
She ſpread 'em wider yet, but cou'd not cover all.
T'augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air, for empty fields above,
Till *Boreas* got the skyes, and powr'd amain
His ratling hail-ſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.

The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadfull deſolation reign a-round,
Some buried in the Snow, ſome frozen to the ground:
The reſt were ſtrugling ſtill with death, and lay
The *Crows* and *Ravens* rights, an undefended prey;
Excepting *Martyn*'s race, for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree,
But ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd 'em with bats, or poll'd 'em down.
Martyn himſelf was caught a-live, and try'd
For treas'nous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No *Martyn* there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an Oak which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air,
And there his corps, unbleſs'd, are hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetick bill.

The

The patience of the *Hind* did almoſt fail,
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which Ribbald art their church to *Luther* owes,
In malice it began, by malice grows,
He ſow'd the *Serpent*'s teeth, an iron-harveſt roſe.
But moſt in *Martyn*'s character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the *Panther*'s hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part,
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your fore-ſeeing skill,
For *Swallows* are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe ev'ry child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such *Martyns* build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatick Authour lyes
Who ſumm'd their Scandals up by Centuries.

But, through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloudy laws, the crowds barbarity:
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight,
Had ſome their wiſhes, it wou'd ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not, the charge concerns not you,
Your ſons are male-contents, but yet are true,
As far as non-reſiſtance makes 'em ſo,
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe you know,
A paſſive term which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebell and a king.

Reſt well aſſur'd the *Pardelis* reply'd,
My ſons wou'd all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heav'n forbid the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd.

The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſu'd her argument agen.
If as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what your ſelf profeſs,
What angry pow'r prevents our preſent peace?

The

The *Lyon*, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires, (and Kings deſires are ill withſtood,)
To join our Nations in a laſting love;
The barrs betwixt are eaſie to remove,
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that Prince of Tyranny
Whoſe mandate forc'd your *Gallick* friends to fly,
Make not a worſe example of your own,
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword, your ſuff'ring brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt, he ſtops it ſhort of bloud:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the *Scorpion* joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great Monarch's loins
But you perhaps remove that bloudy note,
And ſtick it on the firſt Reformers coat.

Oh

Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep,
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now,
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.

To name the Teſt wou'd put you in a rage,
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember that you weild a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your Sovereign Lord.
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial Cedar down,
Defraud Succeſſion, and diſ-heir the Crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate Traytors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe ſome great Oppreſſor had by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendring in a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was *Judas*, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he cou'd not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendr'd back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you doe,
Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
The dire Magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, & limping held her train,)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted Harlot might awhile bewitch,
But why the Hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?

The firſt Reformers were a modeſt race,
Our Peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place:
And when rebellious arms o'return'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd onely in the common fate;
But now the Sov'reign mounts the regal chair
And mitr'd ſeats are full, yet *David*'s bench is bare:
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſs'd,
They need but rub their mettle on the Teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithfull Teſt, unſound will paſs
The droſs of Atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe productions, and reject the gold:
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger from the church or ſtate from theſe,
The Papiſt onely has his Writ of eaſe.

No gainfull office gives him the pretence
To grind the Subject or defraud the Prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience may deſerve
To thrive, but ours alone is privileg'd to ſterve.

Still thank your ſelves you cry, your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place.
Our doors are open: true, but e'er they come,
You toſs your cenſing Teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere *Toby*'s rival to expell,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.

To this the *Panther* ſharply had reply'd,
But, having gain'd a Verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and peace,
And for the Plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſu'd in *formâ Pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhou'd be ſaid,
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd:

So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.

Methinks ſuch terms of proferr'd peace you bring
As once *Æneas* to th' *Italian* King:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine,
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient Pedigree,
And claim a peacefull ſeat by fates decree.
In ready pomp your Sacrificer ſtands,
T'unite the *Trojan* and the *Latin* bands,
And that the League more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair *Lavinia* for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold Poppits on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barb'rous laws have been preferr'd,
I ſpake againſt the *Teſt*, but was not heard;

Theſe

Theſe to reſcind, and Peerage to reſtore,
My gracious Sov'reign wou'd my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.

Conſcience is then your Plea, reply'd the Dame,
Which well-inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the *Camelion* hew,
To change the dye with ev'ry diff'rent view.
When firſt the *Lyon* ſat with awfull ſway
Your conſcience taught you duty to obey:
He might have had your Statutes and your Teſt,
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the ſects aſſay'd their utmoſt art
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part,
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had proov'd,
How far he cou'd forgive, how well he lov'd;

A good-

A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
And onely ſhort of heav'ns unbounded grace:
A floud of mercy that o'erflow'd our Iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitfull as the *Nile*,
Forgetting whence your *Ægypt* was ſupply'd,
You thought your Sov'reign bound to ſend the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan,
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And made a wiſe Alliance with her foes.
Can conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhfull Dame.
But if the cauſe by battel ſhou'd be try'd,
You grant ſhe muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O *Proteus* Conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What *Phœbus* from the *Tripod* ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?

Homer,

Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The ſeeming *Gordian* knot wou'd ſoon unty;
Immortal pow'rs the term of conſcience know,
But int'reſt is her name with men below.

Conſcience or int'reſt be't, or both in one;
(The *Panther* anſwer'd in a ſurly tone,)
The firſt commands me to maintain the Crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our *Teſt* excludes your Tribe from benefit.
Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land:
And once let in, with unreſiſted ſway
Wou'd ſweep the Paſtors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need which cannot be withſtood
Makes ill authentick, for a greater good.

Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious Planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancell my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye Pow'rs above)
To mend my errours and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow,
Your all-diſpenſing pow'r protects you now.

Hold, ſaid the *Hind*, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You wou'd *poſtpone* me to another reign:
Till when you are content to be unjuſt,
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance:
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute,
Who will not now repeal wou'd perſecute;
To ripen green revenge your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier Planet wou'd aſcend:

For

For ſhame let Conſcience be your Plea no more,
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before;
But ſhe's a Bawd to gain, and holds the Door.

Your care about your Banks, infers a fear
Of threatning Floods, and Inundations near;
If ſo, a juſt Repriſe would only be
Of what the Land uſurp'd upon the Sea;
And all your Jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow
Your Ground is, like your Neighbour-Nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous Laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your Cauſe;
And argues that the true Religion lyes
In thoſe weak Adverſaries you deſpiſe.

Tyrannick force is that which leaſt you fear,
The ſound is frightfull in a Chriſtian's ear;
Avert it, Heav'n; nor let that Plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled Continent.

But Piety commands me to refrain;
Thoſe Pray'rs are needleſs in this Monarch's Reign.
Behold! how he protects your Friends oppreſt,
Receives the Baniſh'd, ſuccours the Diſtreſs'd:
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open Breaſt.
He ſtands in Day-light, and diſdains to hide
An Act to which, by Honour he is ty'd
A generous, laudable, and Kingly Pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his Peers reſtore,
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.

Well, ſaid the *Panther*, I believe him juſt,
And yet——

And yet, 'Tis but becauſe you muſt,
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The *Hind* thus briefly, and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On Pow'r of *Kings*, and their Superiour charge,

As

As Heav'ns Truſtees before the Peoples choice:
Tho' ſure the *Panther* did not much rejoyce
To hear thoſe *Echo's* giv'n of her once Loyal voice.

The *Matron* woo'd her Kindneſs to the laſt,
But cou'd not win; her hour of Grace was paſt.
Whom thus perſiſting when ſhe could not bring
To leave the *Woolf*, and to believe her King,
She gave Her up, and fairly wiſh'd her Joy
Of her late Treaty with her new Ally:
Which well ſhe hop'd wou'd more ſucceſsfull prove,
Than was the *Pigeons*, and the *Buzzards* love.
The *Panther* ask'd, what concord there cou'd be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe Natures diſagree?
The *Dame* reply'd, 'Tis ſung in ev'ry Street,
The common chat of Goſſips when they meet:
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholeſome Tale, tho' told in homely ſtile.

A Plain good Man, whose Name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of Plain and Good)
Of three fair lineal Lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early Youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth:
At Land, and Sea, in many a doubtfull Fight,
Was never known a more adventrous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the right.

As Fortune vvou'd, (his fortune came tho' late)
He took Poſſeſſion of his juſt Eſtate:
Nor rack'd his Tenants vvith increaſe of Rent,
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent:
But overlook'd his *Hinds*, their Pay vvas juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt:
Slovv to reſolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he vvas avvkard at a trick.

For

For little Souls on little ſhifts rely.
And coward Arts of mean Expedients try:
The noble Mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe Friends, (his deadlieſt foes,) could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs to betray;
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd,
He look'd into Himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky Planet ſure attends his Birth,
Or Heav'n wou'd make a Miracle on Earth;
For proſp'rous Honeſty is ſeldom ſeen:
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as Fate with Nature's Lavv vvould ſtrive,
To ſhevv Plain dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her Commiſſion to befriend.

This gratefull man, as Heav'n encreas'd his Store,
Gave *God* again, and daily fed his Poor;
His Houſe vvith all convenience vvas purvey'd,
The reſt he found, but rais'd the Fabrick vvhere he pray'd;

And

And in that Sacred Place, his beauteous Wife
Employ'd Her happieſt hours of Holy Life.

Nor did their Alms extend to thoſe alone
Whom common Faith more ſtrictly made their own,
A ſort of *Doves* were hous'd too near their Hall,
Who croſs the Proverb, and abound with Gall.
Tho' ſome 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater Part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious Birds, that hotly Bill and breed,
And largely drink, becauſe on Salt they feed.
Small Gain from them their Bounteous Owner draws,
Yet, bound by Promiſe, he ſupports their Cauſe,
As Corporations priviledg'd by Laws.

That Houſe which harbour to their kind affords
Was built, long ſince, God knows, for better Birds;
But flutt'ring there they neſtle near the Throne,
And lodge in Habitations not their own,
By their high Crops, and Corny Gizzards known.

Like

Like *Harpy's* they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their Lord.
The reſt was form, and bare Attendance paid,
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more,
They drain'd from *Dan*, and left *Beerſheba* poor;
All this they had by Law, and none repin'd,
The preference was but due to *Levi's* Kind,
But when ſome Lay-preferment fell by chance
The Gourmands made it their Inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their Claim,
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to Heavens high Name;
And Hallow'd thus they cannot give Conſent,
The Gift ſhould be prophan'd by Worldly management.

Their Fleſh was never to the Table ſerv'd,
Tho' 'tis not thence inferr'd the Birds were ſtarv'd;
But that their Maſter did not like the Food,
As rank, and breeding Melancholy Blood.

Nor

Nor did it with His Gracious Nature ſuite,
Ev'n tho' they were not Doves, to perſecute:
Yet He refus'd, (nor could they take Offence)
Their Glutton Kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor Conſecrated Grain their Wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their Bills they brought:
But left his Hinds each in his Private Pow'r,
That thoſe who like the Bran might leave the Flow'r.
He for himſelf, and not for others choſe,
Nor would He be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their Faces His Devotion paid,
And Sacrifice with Solemn Rites was made,
And Sacred Incenſe on His Altars laid.

Beſides theſe jolly Birds whoſe Crops impure,
Repay'd their Commons with their Salt Manure;
Another Farm he had behind his Houſe,
Not overſtock't, but barely for his uſe;
Wherein his poor Domeſtick Poultry fed,
And from His Pious Hands receiv'd their Bread.

Our

Our pamper'd Pigeons with malignant Eyes,
Beheld theſe Inmates, and their Nurſeries:
Tho' hard their fare, at Ev'ning, and at Morn
A Cruiſe of Water and an Ear of Corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that Modium, and thought
A Sheaf in ev'ry ſingle Grain was brought;
Fain would they filch that little Food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy Gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their Hall,
The Bird that warn'd St. *Peter* of his Fall;
That he ſhould raiſe his miter'd Creſt on high,
And clap his Wings, and call his Family
To Sacred Rites; and vex th' Etherial Pow'rs
With midnight Mattins, at uncivil Hours:
Nay more, his quiet Neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their Morning reſt.

Beaſt of a Bird, ſupinely when he might
Lye ſnugg and ſleep, to riſe before the light:

What if his dull Forefathers us'd that cry,
Cou'd he not let a Bad Example dye?
The World was fall'n into an eaſier way,
This Age knew better, than to Faſt and Pray.
Good Senſe in Sacred Worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in Cloyſter'd Walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their Lands they fled,
And Siſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a Bed.
The way to win the reſtleſs World to God,
Was to lay by the Diſciplining Rod,
Unnatural Faſts, and Foreign Forms of Pray'r;
Religion frights us with a meen ſevere.
'Tis Prudence to reform her into Eaſe,
And put Her in undreſt to make Her pleas:
A lively Faith will bear aloft the Mind,
And leave the Luggage of Good Works behind.

Such

Such Doctrines in the Pigeon-houſe were taught,
You need not ask how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common Cry was all for theſe
Whoſe Life, and Precept both encourag'd Eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring Baits might fail,
And Holy Deeds o're all their Arts prevail:
(For Vice, tho' frontleſs, and of harden'd Face
Is daunted at the ſight of awfull Grace)
An hideous Figure of their Foes they drew,
Nor Lines, nor Looks, nor Shades, nor Colours true;
And this Groteſque deſign, expos'd to Publick view.
One would have thought it an Ægyptian Piece,
With Garden-Gods, and barking Deities,
More thick than *Ptolomey* has ſtuck the Skies.
All ſo perverſe a Draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no Libell where it meant to ſtrike:
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and Great and Small
To view the Monſter crowded Pigeon-hall.

There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring Shrines, and Stocks of Sainted Trees,
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly Race;
The Curſe of God was ſeen on ev'ry Face.
No *Holland* Emblem could that Malice mend,
But ſtill the vvorſe the look the fitter for a Fiend.

The Maſter of the Farm diſpleas'd to find
So much of Rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the Cauſe, and came to knovv,
The Paſſive Church had ſtruck the foremoſt blovv:
With grounleſs Fears, and Jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding Gueſt
VVould drive the Birds of *Venus*, from their Neſt.
A Deed his inborn Equity abhorr'd,
But Int'reſt vvill not truſt, thoGod ſhould plight hisVVord.

A Lavv, the Source of many Future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the Poultry from the Farms;

VVith

With loſs of Life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden Ground.
That Bloody Statute chiefly was deſign'd
For *Chanticleer* the white, of Clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The Lay that wore the Robe, and Coronet;
For them, for their Inferiours and Allyes,
Their Foes a deadly *Shibboleth* deviſes.
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to Truſt, or Profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poyſonous wicked Weed,
Or that, to which old *Socrates* was curs't,
Or Henbane-Juice to ſwell 'em till they burſt.
The Patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this Inquiſition in his Yard,
By which the Soveraign was of Subjects uſe debarr'd.

All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' Effects of ſo unnatural a Law:

But

But ſtill the Dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their Neighbours good:
And which was worſe, (if any worſe could be)
Repented of their boaſted Loyalty:
Now made the Champions of a cruel Cauſe,
And drunk with Fumes of Popular Applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruine has deſign'd,
He fits for Fate, and firſt deſtroys their Mind.

New Doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted Dangers, interpos'd Delays,
And Emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the *Meccan* Prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper Counſels in their Patrons Ear,
And veil'd their falſe Advice with Zealous Fear.
The Maſter ſmil'd to ſee 'em work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their Protractive Arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their Hearts;

But

But they abus'd that Grace to make Allyes,
And fondly clos'd with former Enemies;
For Fools are double Fools endeav'ring to be wise.

After a grave Conſult what courſe were beſt,
One more mature in Folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told 'em, with his head aſide,
That deſp'rate Cures muſt be to deſp'rate Ills apply'd:
And therefore ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' encreaſing race of *Chanticleer*:
Some Potent Bird of Prey they ought to find,
A Foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggar'd *Hawk*, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly;
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The *Muſquet*, and the *Coyſtrel* were too weak,
Too fierce the *Falcon*, but above the reſt,
The noble *Buzzard* ever pleas'd me beſt; H
Of ſmall Renown, 'tis true, for not to lye,
We call him but a *Hawk* by courteſie.

I

I know he haunts the *Pigeon*-House and Farm,
And more, in time of War, has done us harm;
But all his hate on trivial Points depends,
Give up our Forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For *Pigeons* fleſh he ſeems not much to care,
Cram'd *Chickens* are a more delicious fare;
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would conferr the Sovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the Government,
And let a ſplendid Embaſſy be ſent.

This pithy Speech prevail'd, and all agreed,
Old Enmity's forgot, the *Buzzard* ſhould ſucceed.

Their welcom Suit was granted ſoon as heard,
His Lodgings furniſh'd, and a Train prepar'd,
With *B's* upon their Breaſt, appointed for his Guard.
He came, and Crown'd with great Solemnity,
God ſave King *Buzzard*, was the gen'rall cry.

As

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
Like thoſe whom ſtature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*:
Broad-back'd, and Brawny built for Loves delight,
A Prophet form'd, to make a female Proſelyte.
A Theologue more by need than genial bent,
By Breeding ſharp, by Nature confident.
Int'reſt in all his Actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than Honeſt, more a Wit than learn'd.
Or forc'd by Fear, or by Ambition led,
Or both conjoyn'd, his Native clime he fled:
But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n along;
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky Paraſite alive.
Loud Praiſes to prepare his Paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſu'd his Compliment:

But, by reverſe of Fortune chac'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author ſtay:
He ſhakes the Duſt against th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of Ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd, and blaſphem'd the ſame,
For in his Rage, he ſpares no Sov'rains name:
The Hero, and the Tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile;
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable Foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe:
For Courteſies, tho' undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in Fellon-minds beget,
As tribute to his Wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of Foes is venemously Nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Vertue to a Vice:
A Greek, *and bountiful forewarns us twice.*
Sev'n Sacraments he wiſely do's diſown,
Becauſe he knows Confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where Sins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for Fear, or Love, to be betray'd:

But

But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his Soul:
Stood forth th' accuſing Sathan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the *Moloch* of the Times.
Prompt to aſſayle, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the World, and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and Satyr-proof he ſcow'rs the ſtreets,
And runs an *Indian* muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known, for what he is.

Such was, and is the Captain of the teſt;
Tho' half his Vertues are not here expreſs't;
The modeſty of Fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful *Pigeons* never could create
A Prince more proper to revenge their hate:

Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave;
A King, whom in his wrath, th' Almighty gave:
For all the Grace the Landlord had allow'd,
But made the *Buzzard* and the *Pigeons* proud;
Gave time to fix their Friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their Fellow-Subjects to inthrall,
Their Patrons promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make 'em Lords of all.

Falſe Fears their Leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the *Doves* were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;
Nor Sighs, nor Groans, nor gogling Eyes did want;
For now the *Pigeons* too had learn'd to Cant.
The Houſe of Pray'r is ſtock'd with large encreaſe;
Nor Doors, nor Windows can contain the Preſs:
For Birds of ev'ry feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n Atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the Stews, Adult'rers come,
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* to demoliſh *Rome*.

That

That Conſcience which to all their Crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cryes to Perſecute.
No rigour of the Laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lords requeſt:
They thought it great their Sov'rain to controul,
And nam'd their Pride, Nobility of Soul.

'Tis true, the *Pigeons*, and their Prince Elect
Were ſhort of Pow'r their purpoſe to effect:
But with their Quills, did all the hurt they cou'd,
And cuff'd the tender *Chickens* from their food:
And much the *Buzzard* in their Cauſe did ſtir,
Tho' naming not the Patron, to infer
With all reſpect, He was a groſs Idolater.
But when th' Imperial owner did eſpy
That thus they tunn'd his Grace to villany,
Not ſuff'ring wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extreams to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind.

Then,

Then, all Maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a Doom
Of Sacred Strength for ev'ry Age to come.
By this the Doves their Wealth and State poſſeſs,
No Rights infring'd, but licens'd to oppreſs:
Such Pow'r have they as Factious Lawyers long
To Crowns aſcrib'd, that Kings can do no wrong.
But, ſince His own Domeſtick Birds have try'd
The dire Effects of their deſtructive Pride,
He deems that Proof a Meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his Kingly Breaſt,
His Fowl of Nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all Birds of ev'ry Sect
Free of his Farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſev'ral Kinds alike, and equally protect.
His Gracious Edict the ſame Franchiſe yields
To all the wild Encreaſe of Woods and Fields,
And who in Rocks aloof, and who in Steeples builds.
To *Crows* the like Impartial Grace affords,
And *Choughs* and *Daws*, and ſuch Republick Birds

Secur'd

Secur'd with ample Privileedge to feed,
Each has his Diſtrict, and his Bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common Intereſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons *Rubicon.*

Here ends the Reign of this pretended Dove;
All Prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For *Shiloh* comes the Scepter to Remove.
Reduc'd from Her Imperial High Abode,
Like *Dyonyſius* to a private Rod:
The Paſſive Church, that with pretended Grace
Did Her diſtinctive Mark in Duty place,
Now Touch'd, Reviles Her Maker to his Face.

What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs;
The ſmall Beginnings had a large Encreaſe,
And Arts and Wealth ſucceed (the ſecret ſpoils of Peace.)
'Tis ſaid the Doves repented, tho' too late,
Become the Smiths of their own Fooliſh Fate:

Nor

Nor did their Owner haſten their ill hour:
But, ſunk in Credit, they decreas'd in Pow'r:
Like Snows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the Silence of Decay.

The *Buzzard* not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd *Nimrods* of his Race,
To hide the thinneſs of their Flock from Sight,
And all together make a ſeeming, goodly Flight:
But each have ſep'rate Int'reſts of their own,
Two *Czars*, are one too many for a Throne.
Nor can th' Uſurper long abſtain from Food,
Already he has taſted Pigeons Blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this Indulgent Lord ſhall late to Heav'n repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting Months may come,
When lagging late, they cannot reach their home:
Or Rent in Schiſm, (for ſo their Fate decrees,)
Like the Tumultuous Colledge of the Bees;

They

They fight their Quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt,
The Tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thus did the gentle *Hind* her fable end,
Nor would the *Panther* blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected Yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe.
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The Dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her Gueſt
The peace of Heav'n, betook her ſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand Angels on her ſlumbers waite
With glorious Viſions of her future ſtate.

Errata.

PAge 84. Line 5. for *eaſie*, read *yielding*. p. 105. l. 15. for *offſpring*, r. *offrings*. p. 114. l. 17. for *no dangers from*, r. *no dangers to*. p. 129. l. 5. for *Modi'um*, r. *Modicum*. p. 130. l. 12. for *reſtleſs*, r. *reſtiff*. ibid. l. 17. for *undreſt*, r. *undreſs*. p. 142. l. 4. for *but licens'd*, r. *but licence*.

PAge 129. Line 5. for *Modi'um* read *Modicum*. p. 130. l. 12. for *reſtleſs* r. *reſtiff*. *ibid.* l. 17. for *undreſt* r. *undreſs*. p. 142. l. 4. for *but licens'd* r. *but licence*.

XUM

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FINIS.

Errata.

PAge 129. Line 5. for *Modi'um* read *Modicum.* p. 130. l. 12. for *reſtleſs* r. *reſtiff.* *ibid.* l. 17. for *undreſt* r. *undreſs.* p. 142. l. 4. for *but licens'd* r. *but license.*

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